

Fever [Triss Merigold]

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by [Lady_Dead_Rabbit](#)

Notes

I originally published this series on Wattpad but have since decided to also have it published here.

Triss Merigold's stiff body lay curled in on itself on top the thick wool blanket; the pillow's discarded off to the side in the midst of her fitful sleep. Geralt crept up softly from the stairs, trying his best not to disturb her, as he slowly settled in an armchair next to the bed. After the attack on Kaer Morhen from the infamous criminal organizations, Salamandra, she needed her rest.

Geralt's yellow eye's took a moment to observe the sorceress in front of him. Sweat dampened her auburn-red lock's as they clung to the side of her face and nape of her neck. She still wore that tight leather dress and fishnets, but at least Lambert had taken the time to help her out of her boots.

"Hmm, Geralt..."

Said Witcher's yellow gaze flickered back up to the sorceress's face at the call of his name. He took great care in helping the red-head sit up on the bed before reaching over for a vial on the nightstand. He popped the cork screw before tilting Triss' head back and feeding her the potion.

"Hmm, thank you, Geralt." The sorceress's green eye's fluttered open. Her makeup only half smeared as she seemingly instantly, regained her strength and sat up.

"Seems this potion is quite effective," the Witcher mused before he stepped back into his previous resting place.

"That was terrible. I dreamed Lambert was with me.." Her hand flew to her forehead. "He was staring at me saying things like 'don't go dying on me now, Merigold!' Calling me bigheaded. I'm so glad to see you. What?" Merigold cocked her head to the side when her gaze fell on the smirking witcher.

"I'm glad you're feeling better," he mused.

"I know we should set out, but I have a feelin we won't be back, perhaps ever. Won't you stay just a bit longer, with me?" The sorceress' dreamy green gaze fluttered longingly to his.

"I suppose... we have time.." Geralt trailed off as he leaned forward and met the painted red lip's of the sorceress. Sighing in contempt, she briefly pulled away to trail her nails gently across the sides of his face, through his hair, and onto his shoulders.

"I'm so happy you're... back. When I saw you, all the feelings I tried to deny returned, stronger than ever-"

"Triss," Geralt cut her off. "I'm not ready to talk about the past.."

“O-Of course... I shouldn’t pressure you. I just feel so... The powers! I’m behaving like a teenager! Let’s focus on the present... I guess I disappointed you all... Forgive me.”

“Nothing to forgive. What I felt when learned you were alive... hard to compare to anything.”

“Oh...” the sorceress laid a hand gently across her chest in endearment.

“Except maybe what I feel as I look at you now.” This triggered Triss to smile.

“I missed you so... Let’s see if the ‘best bed in Kaer Morhen’ can hold us....”

Geralt let out a chuckle when Triss grabbed him by his shoulders and pushed him onto the bed. She sat on him, her leg’s resting on both sides of his waist, and he watched in curiosity as the witch brushed her finger along the seam of her dress. In turn, it dissipated under her touch. She did this before doing the seam to Geralt, who watched in awe as in one moment they were both clothed to the next, where they laid in the nude.

Sunlight bathed their bodies in a warm glow. Geralt awoke and rolled over to find the sorceress casually reading a nival in the love seat across the room. Her red lock’s already up in their twin bun’s.

Though, the only thing that covered her naked form was a thick white towel. Geralt took a deep breath, and even from his place on the bed, he could smell the sweet scent of lavender.

‘She must’ve taken a bath,’ Geralt noted before getting up from bed and throwing on his small clothes.

“Geralt, last night was amazing. As always, of course.” The sorceress wasted no time in saying as she heard the bed creak under his weight.

“As always?” The witcher raised a brow, and the sorceress snapped her gaze of him. A look of hurt flashing across her face.

“You don’t remember anything?”

“Unfortunately.” Triss moved her leg’s out of the way as the witcher took a seat next to her before she laid them back down on top of him.

“Well, you have something to look forward to, then. No matter. Tell me, how did the battle end?”

Geralt wrapped an arm around the sorceress' naked shoulders as she spoke; his gaze briefly sweeping across the pages of her book.

“They broke into the lab, killed Leo, stole our mutagens, and escaped...”

“Poor Vesemir. Another protege died prematurely.”

“Common, I think we've delayed the funeral long enough already,” Geralt said as he got up and began getting dressed, and with a heavy heart, Triss followed.

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